

Blow Ins

Bell X1

I should know my time and place
I'm Tuesday's child, without the grace
Bring your canary, bring your flame
there's a rich seam of windy in my coalmine

We're just blow-ins
on the storm of time
We're just stopping
for a while

Bucket of water to separate
those horny dogs of Church and State
God of ego, God of lies
pushes us to the corner of our own lives

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on the storm of time
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for a while

I am the magpie when all's shiny and new
I can't help myself, i pick a pocket or two
and if all time was but a day
we'd show up around midnight, and say hey

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on the storm of time
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for a while